

SONGS ON THE

French Revolution.

That took place at Paris, 14th July, 1789;

sung at the Celebration thereof at BELFAST, on
Saturday 14th July, 1792.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Four other S O N G S,

VIZ.

1. Verses addressed to ENGLISH MEN.
2. Verses addressed to IRISH MEN.
4. Paddy Bull's Expedition.
5. The Wand'ring Sailor.



BELFAST: Printed in the Year 1792.

A New SONG on the
FRENCH REVOLUTION

GALLIA burst her vile shackles on this glorious day,

And we dare to applaud the great deed
We dare to exult in a Tyrant's lost sway;

And rejoice that a Nation is freed:

For this we assemble, regardless of those

Who wish to enslave the Free Mind:

Our foes, we are conscious, are Liberty's foes,

And our friends are the friends of Mankind.

If Angels e'er learn from the mansions above,

The affairs of our Planet to scan,

They could not this wondrous event but approve

As the noblest Exertion of Man,

An Exertion which bids servile Nations arise

And enjoy what the Deity gave.

To be free is a duty man owes the All-wise,

And he sins, who is tamely a Slave

Oppression's dark vapours had shrouded the land

And the image of God was defac'd;

Man trembled and crouch'd at his Lordling's command,

And the foot which had spurn'd him embrac'd

But at length, the horizon, by Learning's bright ray

And Columbia's strong tempest, was clear'd,

Light pour'd o'er the Nation in one brilliant blaze

Man saw—and his Chains disappear'd.

Where millions of bayonets shield her from harm

'Mong our Neighbours, now, Liberty dwells;

She smiles, unappall'd, at each foreign alarm

And her smile, all that's gloomy dispels.

On the rock of Man's Right the a fortress has plan

Which thro' many a bright age shall endure,

Like a Crag midst the waves, undisturb'd, shall stand,

And preserve Heaven's Blessing secure.

With electrical force, thro' the nations around,

Her fire may dear Liberty dart;

'Mong the Sons of the North may its glow soon
found,

May it warm each Iberian heart;

of the huge snowy Alps; to a region once dear,
 may the soul-lifting influence be hurl'd;
 its radiance the whole Human Family cheer—
 and may Tyrants be banish'd the world.

A New SONG addressed

TO ENGLISHMEN.

WHEN exultant we tell how our fathers of
 yore,
 Their wrongs and oppressions were wont
 to redress,
 how firmly they waded through rivers of gore,
 and forced from proud despots those rights we
 possess;
 how we boast of our own revolution and laws,
 yet reprobate men, who have spurn'd base controul,
 may shew an acquaintance with Liberty's cause,
 and we strongly evince a contraction of soul.
 We deem ourselves lodg'd under Liberty's tree,
 where the whole human race might with comfort
 recline;
 boast of the blessing—and, Britons, shall we
 the joyless approach of our neighbours repine?
 and it—ye offspring of men who were tried,
 men, who unshackled both body and mind;
 and it—and learn, ere you dare to deride,
 that the cause of the French is the cause of man-
 kind!
 Can we, if our Sires be entitled to praise
 boldly resisting an authoriz'd sway,
 can we with aversion on Liberty gaze?
 can we be offended if Tyrants decay?
 ROYAL selected a new-chosen race,
 on them, and them only, is freed, in bellow'd?
 how can Gallic resistance be base,
 the fate of a James shew the finger of God?

When the orbs of the sightless receive the bright day
 Shall those who have vision presume to complain
 Shall men sav'd from shipwreck with anguish sur
 Their fellows preserv'd from the merciless main
 How degrading the thought!—yet the sons of t
 ise,

Who deem themselves nurtur'd at Liberty's boar
 Evince a malignity equally vile,

In wishing thy shackles, O! Gallia, restor'd.

When the will a of driv'ler held millions in chain
 Did we pity them?—no—we despis'd them
 slaves;

And now not a trace of debasement remains,

We brand the brave people as maniacs and knaves

Thus, servile or free, we the French have revild

Our own half-form'd system we proudly commende

We boast our wise laws—tho' our code is defil'd

With statutes, that Tyrants would blush to defend

O! spurn the mean prejudice, Britons, and say,
 If your Fathers were right, how can French
 be wrong?

The will of oppressors both scorn'd to obey,

And asserted those rights which to mortals belong

Yet the struggles of these are to infamy hurl'd,

While the actions of those we with triumph
 hear:

But the bright orb of reason now peeps on the world

And the thick clouds of prejudice soon shall disappear

Yes! soon shall these truths far and wide be convey'd

'Spite of Pindars quaint prattle and Burke's r
 din,

That the thrones of true Kings by the People
 made

And when kings become tyrant's—submission is

That the power of oppressors can ne'er be of Heaven

A being all-just—cannot justice despise:

A Being all-just—EQUAL RIGHTS must have given

And who robs man of these must offend the All

Third SONG on the

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Tune—*Poor Jack.*

While Tyranny marshals his minions arround,
 And bids his fierce legions advance,
 Fair Freedom! the hopes of thy sons to confound—
 To restore his old Empire in France.
 What Friend among men to the Rights of Mankind,
 But is fir'd with resentment, to see
 The Satraps of pride and oppression combin'd
 To prevent a great Land's being free?
 Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends—
 Most important its issue will be—
 For should France *be subdu'd*—*Europe's Liberty*
ends—
 If she *triumphs*—*THE WORLD WILL BE FREE!*
 Then let ev'ry true Patriot unite in her cause,
 A cause of such moment to Man—
 Let all whose souls spurn at tyrannical laws,
 Lend her all the assistance they can.
 May the spirit of Sparta her armies inspire,
 And the Star of America guide!
 May a Washington's wisdom—a Mirabeau's fire—
 In her camps and her councils preside!
 May her sons fatal discord no longer divide,
 'Mong her chiefs no dark traitors be found—
 But may they *United* resist the rough tide,
 Till their toils be with victory crown'd?
 And at length when sweet Peace from her sphere
 shall descend,
 When the fiends of oppression have fled—
 Immortal renown shall thote Heroes attend
 Who for Freedom fought—conquer'd—and bled.

Blazon'd high, then their deeds shall swell Hist'ry
page,

And adorn lofty Poetry's lay's;
While the mem'ry of Tyrants—the curse of th
age,

In oblivion's dark Battile decays.

A NEW SONG addressed

TO IRISHMEN.

WHEN Rome, by dividing had conquered
world,

And land after land into slavery hurl'd,
Hibernia escap'd, for 't'was Heaven's decree,
That *Irish* united, should ever be free.

Her harp then delighted the nations around,
By its music entranced, their own sufferings w
drown'd,

In arts and in Learning, the foremost were we,
And *Ireland* united was happy and free

But soon—ah! too soon, did fell discord begin
Our domestic contentions, let foreigners in,
Too well they improved the advantage we gave
When they came to assil, they remain'd to
slave.

From that fatal hour, our freedom was lost,
Peace, Virtue, and Learning, were fled from o
coast

And the *Island of Saints*, might more fitly be nam'd
The *Land of Tormentors*, the place of the dam

Then let us remember our madness no more,
What we lost by division, let *union* restore,
Let us firmly unite, and our covenant be,
Together to fall, or together be free.

Paddy Bull's Expedition.

When I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,

and for England's own self thro' the seas I did plow,
 for four long days I was toils'd up and down,
 like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a Cow;
 while afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, fir,
 clinging like a cat a fast hold for to keep, fir,
 round about the big post that grows out of the ship fir.

O! I never thought more to sing Langolee.
 Thus standing stock still all the while I was movin'
 all Ireland's coast I saw clean out of sight,
 well the next day a true Irishman proving,
 when leaving the ship on the shore for to light,
 the board they put out was too narrow to quarter
 the first step I took I was in such a totter,
 that I jump'd upon land to my neck in the water.

O that was no time to sing Langolee,
 But as sharp cold & hunger I never knew yet more,
 and my stomach and bowels did grumble & growle
 sought the best way to get each in good humour,
 as to take out the wrinkles of both by my soul.
 I went to a house where roast meat they provide fir
 with a whirligig which up the chimney I spyd, fir,
 which grinds all their smoke into powder beside
 'Tis as true as I'm now singing Langolee. (G)
 when I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches,
 that set sail for London each night in the week,
 whom I obnoxiously made my approaches
 at birth aboard one I was come for to seek,
 as for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket,
 I, with your leave I make bold fir to ask it,
 when the coach is gone off what time goes the basket
 For there I can ride and sing Langolee.
 when making his mouth up "the basket says he fir
 after the coach a full hour or two"
 well fir says I, that's the thing then for me fir,
 he devil a word that he told me was true,

For tho' one went before and the other behind,
 They set off cheek by joll at the very same time
 So the same day at night I set off by moon shine,
 All alone by myself singing Langolee.

O long life to the moon for a sweet noble creature
 That serves us for lamp-light each night in the day
 While the Sun only shines in the day, which by nature
 Wants no light at all, as you all may remark,
 But as for the moon by my soul I'll be bound fir,
 It would save the whole nation a great many pounds
 To subscribe for to light him up all the year round fir
 Or I'll never sing more about Langolee.

The Wand'ring Sailor.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatter'ing fancy wafts him home.
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of Youth renew;
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast:
 May we when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.